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The sugared smile, which had vanished since Marianna's elopement, once more dawned on Capuzzi's visage; while pressing Salvator's hand he softly lisped, "My worthy Signor Salvator, you are all powerful with the excellent Antonio; entreat him in my name to allow me to pass the short remnant of my days with him and my dear daughter Marianna, and to receive Marianna's patrimony from me, increased by a marriage portion worthy of her!—and he must not look askance, if I now and then kiss the sweet child's soft white hand, and—on Sunday at least, when I go to mass, he will not refuse to curl my moustaches, for no one on God's earth can do it with such grace as he."

Salvator could scarcely suppress his laughter; but before he could answer, Antonio and Marianna embraced the old man, and assured him "that they would only be convinced of his having really forgiven them, when he entered their house as their beloved father, never again to leave them." Antonio added "that he would curl the moustache after the most delicate fashion, not only on Sunday but every day in the week," and so the old man was lost in wonder and delight. Mean time, a costly banquet had been prepared, to which they all sat down in the most happy and delighted frame of mind.

And now, most dear and honoured reader, in parting with thee, from my heart I wish that the joy and gladness which inspired the lovers and their friends, may have also glowed in thy breast while perusing this story of Salvator Rosa, and that tranquillity and cheerfulness, the never-failing attendants of virtuous diligence and wedded love, may wait upon thy steps in all thine out-goings and incomings, as long as thy life endureth.

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SONNET.

TO VENICE.

How gorgeous in thy Asiatic state  
 Thou seem'st, sea-thron'd, thou Adriatic queen!  
 Sitting by Eastern Europe's proudest gate,  
 The Northern shade and orient pomp between.—  
 —Proud-palaced city, grand though desolate,  
 Thy moorish minarets and stately domes  
 Are Southern-sunned, though everlasting hate  
 Has rankling ragged between the sev'ral homes  
 Whence come thy Christian palaces, thy halls  
 Mahomedan—the Crescent's gift, or Rome's:  
 And then the northern gloom that's flung like palls  
 O'er gliding gondolas; as though quaint gnomes  
 With Afric genii had together cast  
 This Celtic-Moorish sea-land city vast.

G. K.